

## No Substitutes

**R**eturn to the grocer all substitutes sent you for Royal Baking Powder. There is no substitute for ROYAL. Royal is a pure, cream of tartar baking powder, and healthful. Powders offered as substitutes are made from alum.

### PIONEER PAYS TRIBUTE TO INDIAN NELLIE

Indian Nellie, aged 75 years, died Friday, Nov. 14, at the home of Joe Aleck, two miles east of Hood River. She was buried in the Bartness undertaking parlors. Rev. Parsons conducted the service, which was simple, yet very impressive. Nellie was a devoted member of the Methodist church and a regular attendant when she was well.

About 30 years ago, when the writer first came to Hood River, we lived on what was then known as the "Lucky" place, one and one half miles west of town on the State road, now owned by H. W. Waite. Mrs. Luckey had been a very good friend to the Indians and whatever I may have since done for the Indians has been because of her mantle falling on me. Having been accustomed to going there with their troubles and needs, they continued to do so. One Sunday morning as I sat reading I became conscious of someone looking through the window, and looking I saw two clean and beautifully bedecked young Indians, which proved to be Nellie, or Indian Nellie, as she was always called, and her daughter, Mollie, then a girl about twelve years old. In talking with them they told me how very good Mrs. Luckey had been to them and how sorry they all were when she died. That was the summer preceding the winter of our big snow. During that winter I had plenty of opportunities to see how much they needed her. That was a hard winter for man and beast.

Indian Nellie was a woman of rare attainments, being very refined and clean, one of the few of her race who looked forward and made preparations for "cold winter time."

She did washing and ironing among the pioneers, many a time as she ironed some of the children's clothes she did so in memory of her own little ones, three of whom had passed on in infancy. She seemed to feel in some way that the children of the whites were as her own and they in turn loved her and have a hallowed place in their memory of her.

Mollie, the daughter, would go with her and play with the white children. Many a one she taught to model in clay. She could take up a piece of clay and it seemed to grow a cow, deer, pig or other animal in her hands. How she would laugh at the other children when they failed to make anything that resembled an animal. They would make their little models in the oven and have a veritable Noah's ark by the time the mother was through with her work. How very proud the mother was of her child.

When Mollie was sixteen years old she married Peter, but only lived a year after, dying with her first child. Nellie grieved for her as few do among their people. She went into deep mourning for several years. She would go among the white people for comfort and when their children were kind and good to her she would say, "All the same as sister's children to Nellie."

Mollie was buried on Memorial Island, which was then used as an Indian burying ground. But after the high water of 1895, so much of the island was washed away that many of the bodies were left exposed or only with a shallow covering of sand, and the whites began going there for beads and trinkets that had been buried with the Indians. All the bodies that could be found were moved away and Memorial Island was abandoned as a burying place for the Indians. Nellie had Mollie's remains brought down to Hood River and placed in the little cemetery on the corner of Dr. Adams' farm near the Lyman Smith place, one of the best burying grounds in Hood River. This land is now owned by A. C. Staten. This cemetery was abandoned and most of the bodies moved away in 1898, so again Nellie had her daughter's remains moved, this time to the Knights of Pythias cemetery, two miles south of town, and there we placed her mother beside her.

Nellie so loved to have things like the whites and she was fond of a team of white horses to bring her daughter's body from the boat landing as it was being brought from Memorial Island. It is a coincidence that the same man, Mr. Olinger, should have driven that team, who drove the team that conveyed her own body to its last resting place.

Nellie lived in the Indian camp, then located in the woods below Dr. Adams' place, with her second husband, Jim, until he saw fit to take unto himself another Klutchan, named Caroline, who liked whiskey as he did. Nellie was soon turned out by her daughter, and she moved into a little cabin up on the Adams hill, which is now Fourteenth street, and about a block above State street. She lived there for many years, keeping her little home so neat and clean.

About 14 years ago she became afflicted with rheumatism and became a helpless invalid, as well as a great sufferer. Her kind neighbors and friends helped her and tried to make her comfortable. Children would go in and do for her and were so glad to do it, as Nellie was always pleasant and thankful in spite of her pain. At one time several of us met and cleaned and papered her little living room. As we lifted her back into the house in the evening she raised her hand and said, "Thank you, thank you, ladies." We instinctively bowed our heads as for a benediction, as indeed it was.

I asked her one day what she said when she said Grace, as she always did in her own language before eating. She answered, "Nellie asks God to bless the food and the hands that gave it to her." Some way, I always felt as if I had been to church when I went to see her. She lived so near the Great Spirit of Light that she could not help shedding forth its glory.

About seven years ago the boundary line was shifted between the Adams and Cow tracts and it brought the street through Nellie's little home. She was ordered to vacate, as the street was to be opened. I was sent

for and found her in such a state of despair over losing her little home. Some suggested that she be sent to the poor farm at The Dalles, others thought that she should go to the Pendleton reservation, where she, as a Umatilla Indian, had a right. She pled and begged us not to let her go. "These are my mountains, this is my country, and these are my people," she said. Her friends rallied, collected enough to build her a little room out on Mrs. Alma Howe's place, where she spent two happy years. But as she was not able to get out, the old love of roaming about was too strong for her and she decided to visit some of her "tillicum" near The Dalles. I won't record all the hardships she endured during her two years' stay among her own people. But she returned to Hood River with the same sweet spirit, so full of thankfulness for every visit and every favor.

Nellie lived the last years of her life with Joe and Martha Aleck, about two miles east of town, the country paying them \$15 per month for her care.

As I sat and listened to the beautiful funeral service, saw the many pretty flowers placed there by loving hands and so many white people, representing almost all the pioneer families, I thought what a saintly life had passed on. Not one of us regretted being called her friend. A. L. H.

**FINS, FURS AND FEATHERS**

A decoy must be just about a perfect representation of a goose, when a coyote will pick it up. Carl P. Ross, who declares he used to be one of the best decoys in the Hood River valley, says that one of his decoys one time attracted a coyote.

"We had set out our decoys in a grain field," says Hunter Ross, "and were awaiting developments. Finally one of the shooters saw a coyote slinking down from the hills. We couldn't figure what the animal was after. Then we saw he was heading for the decoys. Slowly he approached them, licking his chops, anticipating a fat goose dinner. He was just getting ready to spring on the inanimate bunch of canvas, when one of the fellows let go a charge of goose shot. It didn't kill the coyote, but he was terribly surprised and burnt. Another shot or two and he went frisking off over the hills. I think he thought the evil spirits were after him."

A family of the city has a kitten that now snies at every telephone pole and however much dogs may bark and chase this feline refuses to climb a pole. A dog on adventures bent chased Kitty up a telephone pole last week and it remained there for more than 36 hours its mistress appealing in vain to it with calls and such tidbits of food as cats love. She even went so far as to secure a set of linemen's climbers, but the pole was so big she couldn't reach around it, and the linemen had to be called into service. But the experience of a couple of nights up near the stars was enough for the kitten, which now remains indoors.

The sums to be paid out of the game protection fund, the State Game and Fish Commission will now give the following increased bounties on wild animals:

Gray wolf, \$20, cougars and mountain lions, \$15, bobcat or lynx, \$1. The state will continue to pay under the bounty law the sums of \$5 for wolves and \$2 for bobcats.

C. W. Daniell's automobile was attacked near Tacoma by a large deer Saturday night while Daniell was taking a party of musicians from Kapowsin to Eatonville for a dance.

Daniell's friends ate venison steak Sunday and Daniell brought a deer head with six-pointed antlers to Tacoma to have it mounted.

"We were driving from Kapowsin to Eatonville about 3 o'clock," said Daniell, "when I noticed something jumping along the road ahead of us. I put on the power and we soon saw that it was a large buck. I decided that I would give him a run for his money."

"Suddenly he turned and ran towards us. With lowered head, he crashed into the radiator and, with his antlers enmeshed, began to strike at the front of the machine with his hoofs. The momentum of the car swept him beneath it and the connecting rod of the steering gear was broken. While he was still fighting, I got out and killed him with an automatic pistol."

Bert Stranahan, Commodore O. C. Dean and Ed Foust have returned from a goose hunt in eastern Oregon. They report shooting fair, but the motoring was bad. The autoists, who traveled in the Foust car, had innumerable blowouts.

S. E. Bartness, A. Wilson and Oscar Jones have returned from their eastern Oregon goose hunt. They secured nine fine geese. They report that there are thousands of the big birds in the district but that they are hard to get.

**Sis Perkins is Coming to Town**

Harry Sheldon White's Twentieth Century comedy drama, "Sis Perkins," will be presented at the Monroe opera house, November 25.

All the beauties of a most dramatic story, enhanced by competent players, adequate scenery and elegant stage settings.

"Sis" will please mother, sister, wife, daughter, cousin, aunt or mother-in-law. It's up to you, Mr. Man, to see they all go and have good seats reserved. A cyclone of mirth, music and fun. A play that appeals to old and young; a play that will last forever. A play whose heart interest will carry its message to millions. Artistically modernized and given the atmosphere of the latest dramatic success. Popular prices.

Job printing at the Glacier office.

### PORTLAND MUSICIANS WILL SING HERE

What promises to be the greatest musical event that has ever taken place in Hood River is the forthcoming Chautauqua concert. This is scheduled for Tuesday night, December 2, at the Congregational church and is to be for the benefit of the Chautauqua Association fund.

With the combination of local and Portland talent a program has been arranged that stands out ahead of anything that has taken place in the northwest this season. It is an admitted fact in musical circles in Portland that in Mrs. Charles H. Henney and Mrs. Ralph Root, Hood River musicians, are two of the best feminine voices in Oregon. Added to these are such stars as Dr. R. M. Emerson, Harbridge G. Whipp, N. A. Hoose and M. L. Bowman, who constitute the Portland Ad club quartet, and who individually rank with the very best vocalists on the entire coast. Collectively as a quartet they are pronounced by many authorities, among whom might be mentioned Prof. F. X. Arens, to be the peer of any quartet in the United States.

"Locally we will have Otto Wedemeyer, whose rich baritone voice is always a delight," says C. N. Ravlin, "Mrs. Clarence C. Coffin on the piano; and a string quartet, composed of Ralph Root and George West, violins, Will Chandler, viola and Paris I. Packard, of Underwood, cello. Packard for two years played with the Philharmonic string quartet of Portland, and is one of the most popular singers with the Portland crowds, and is certain to make a big hit here. M. L. Bowman, who was one of the stars with the Savage Opera Company, is down for a bass solo. One of the treats in store will be the solo by N. A. Hoose, whose pure tenor voice is one seldom heard outside of the big grand opera companies.

A delightful feature of the program will be the duet between Mrs. Root and Mr. Whipp. This alone will be worth going for. The Ad club quartet is down for two numbers and as a finale we are to have the inspiring sextette from "Lucia" by Mrs. Henney, Mrs. Root and Mrs. Whipp, Hoose, Emerson and Bowman. This number will make a superb climax to a really great program.

The sale of tickets is to be handled by the members of the Ladies Guild of St. Mark's church, who will also share in the benefits. The seat reservation will open at Clarke's drug store at nine o'clock on the morning of November 28.

**At the Gem**

Today's program at the Gem is as follows:

"The Clod," a Lubin two reel feature.

"His Secret," A Biograph drama. How a husband was lifted from the state of despair.

"Dr. Turner Turns the Tables," A Pathe comedy.

"The Harnessed Falls of the North West," A Pathe Descriptive.

Friday and Saturday the following films will be seen:

"The Foreman's Treachery," An Edison two reel feature. Produced in Wales.

"A Tender Hearted Crook," A Biograph drama. He settles a lovers quarrel in an effective way and practical manner.

"Dad's Insanity," An Essanay comedy.

Sunday's bill includes:

"Self Convicted," A Lubin two reel feature. Jim McKelren, called Mac, loses his position as a machinist through a cutting down of the forces.

Two other men, also discharged, approach him with a plan to rob the safe in the mill office. Driven to desperation by a letter saying that immediate funds are required to save his mother's life, Mac consents. He is arrested. One of his pals furnishes bail, which he jumps, securing work as a strike breaker in a western city. There he meets Esther Church. Through her Mac brings the strike to an end. He finds work on the local detective force, having changed his name. Ten years elapse. Mac, his appearance completely changed, is married to Esther and is on the New York detective force. With a reputation for never failing to land his quarry, he is put on the Denver Jim case, thus becoming his own pursuer. He studies his own finger prints and Bertillon measurements. His wife suspects and finally, through a ruse, discovers his guilt. To his superior's repeated question, "Have you found Denver Jim?" he finally answered, "Yes," and produces the evidence of his own guilt. His superior places all evidence in the case in the grate and compels Mac to light a match to it.

"Which?" A Vitagraph comedy. Wallie Van and Louise Blaudet and the Vitagraph twins.

"The End of the Run" A Kalem railroad drama.

**Local Baker, Mathewson's Chum**

Among the local people who visited Portland Tuesday to see the White Sox-Giant game of baseball, and the most disappointed spectator there was P. L. Welder, the cake baker at the Model Bakery, who was a chum of the great ball player, Christie Mathewson, when he was a youth. The baker spent all day Sunday working over time that patrons could be supplied and he could get away for the ball game and to have a reunion with his childhood companion. He had secured a fine box of apples, which were taken to Portland to be presented to Mathewson, who however, did not accompany the team north, having gone to Los Angeles from San Francisco.

Mr. Welder was accompanied by George Ertle and Carl Loux.

**Dr. Bronson Will Go Abroad**

Dr. Malcolm Bronson, who was severely injured here several years ago, when his horse plunged from a high precipice west of the city one dark night, and who still suffers from the wounds, will leave soon to spend the winter abroad, where he will continue his studies and search better health.

Mrs. Bronson and child will leave with Dr. Bronson and spend the winter in Ohio with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Skinner.

Dr. V. D. Abrahams, a graduate of Rush Medical College, who has been living at Forest Grove, is now in Dr. Bronson's office, and will remain there during the winter.

Dr. J. M. Waugh, who is now in the east, having gone to attend the surgical and clinical congress at Chicago, will return about December 15.

## A Word To Hood River Housewives And Their Husbands

# CAN YOU AFFORD TO COOK WITH WOOD?

**SOME FACTS**

Eleven Hundred. ELECTRIC Ranges in Billings, Montana, are using AN AVERAGE of 94% KWH per month. This on our City Rate would be \$2.83 per month and on our Country Cooking Rate would be \$4.72 per month.

**But How About Actual Results In Hood River**

Mrs. Chas. Hall says: "You are at liberty to use my name as a reference as I am very much pleased with my range." The electric current for Mrs. Hall's range cost during August, 1913, \$2.30; Sept. 1913, \$3.03; Oct. 1913, \$3.11. An average of \$2.81 per month. Mrs. J. H. Heilbronner is also an enthusiastic electric range user. The current for her range cost during the month of August 1913, \$3.82; Sept. 1913, \$3.43; October 1913, \$3.81; an average \$3.69 per month. All the cooking of these two customers is done on the Electric Range.

Can you buy, split, carry and fuss with stove wood at this price per month? Forgetting the cost, how about the cleanliness, quickness and convenience of the Electric Range as compared with wood for the same purpose?

**Can You Afford to Cook with Wood?**

Christmas orders should be placed early, as owing to the enormous demand for Electric Ranges we are forced to wait from 3 to 5 weeks for delivery.

## Hood River Gas & Electric Co.

TELEPHONE NUMBER 4231

## WHAT ABOUT YOUR Thanksgiving Table?

Have you the Table you want for the "Feast?" Is your Table Service--Silver, China, Glassware, Etc., all Complete? IF NOT, then Take Advantage of Our

# :: Thanksgiving Sale ::

Everything pertaining to your dining room and kitchen in preparation for "Mr. Turk's" reception is offered you at a Substantial Reduction in price.



### Carving Sets, Cut Glass, Chinaware, Silver Knives, Forks, Spoons, Buffets, China Closets, Dining Chairs, Serving Tables, Plate Racks

There is a Large Selection at widely varying prices, all of which however, are Bargains at present prices. Your own inspection can not fail to be profitable.

## E. A. FRANZ CO.



Leave your orders for

### Turkeys, Chickens and Ducks

for your Thanksgiving Dinner and be sure and get a good one.

### E. M. HOLMAN

THE SANITARY MARKET

### Rubber Stamps

AT THE GLACIER OFFICE

## PHOTOS

It is IMPORTANT that you come now for your Xmas Photos. New Styles. Come NOW while line is complete. Also the BEST Cameras, Films and Papers.

## DEITZ PHOTO STUDIO

Most of Your Earnings go for Eatables

so why not see that this money is wisely sent. There is freshness to think about, cleanliness and economy.

This suggests to us that the Independent Meat Co. might be of service to you--because its aim is to deal in meats of quality.

How well it succeeds is a matter for each customer to decide personally. We would be glad to have YOUR opinion.

### Independent Meat Co. Phone 1011